

The second Part, To the same tune.

Faire Spawdons all, quoth hee,
I must confesse and say,
That each of you shall whytby is,
To be a Lady gay:
And I into whytby sarre,
The worst of you to haue,
Though you haue offered willingly
my loathed life to saue.
A sweet thing is love,
It rules both heart and mind;
There is no comfort in the world
to women that are kind.

Then take a thousand thanks
Of me a dying man:
But speake no more of loue nor life,
For why, my life is gone.
To Christ my loue I giue,
By body unto death:
For none of you my heart can loue,
though I doe lose my breath.
A sweet thing is love, &c.

Faire Spawds lament no more,
Your Country Law is such,
It takes but hold vpon my life,
By goods it cannot touch:
Within one chest I haue
In gold a thousand pound,
I giue it equall to you all,
For loue which I haue found.
A sweet thing is love, &c.

And now deare friends farewell,
Sweet England take adieu,
And Chicester where I was borne,
Where first this breath I drew.
And now thou man of death,
Unto thy weapon stand:
Ah nay another Damsell cryd,
Sweet Headman hold thy hand.
A sweet thing is love, &c.

Now heare a Spawdens plaint,
Wane Englishman, quoth hee,
And grant her loue for loue againe,
That craves but loue of thee:
I looe and sue for loue,
That haue bene woe ere this,
Then grant mee loue, and therewithall
hee proffers him a kisse.
A sweet thing is love,
It rules both heart and mind;
There is no comfort in the world
to women that are kind.

And die within mine armes,
If thou wilt die, quoth hee;
Pea line or die sweet Englishman,
He line and die with thee.
But can it be, hee said,
That thou dost loue mee so:
It is not by long acquaintance fir,
whereby true loue doth grow.
A sweet thing is love, &c.

Then beg my life, quoth hee,
And I will be thine owne;
If I should seeke the world for loue,
Howe loue cannot be shonne.
The people on that word,
Did giue a fayfull cry,
And said, it had great pittie been,
so sweet a man should die.
A sweet thing is love, &c.

I goe my Rone, hee said,
I run, I flye for thee;
And gentle Headman spare a while,
By Louers life for mee:
Unto the Duke hee went,
Who did her grieffe remoue;
And with an hundred Spawdens more,
hee went to fetch her Rone.
A sweet thing is love, &c.

With musicks sounding sweet,
The joyfull of the traine,
This gallant Spawden like a Wyde,
Did fetch him backe againe:
Pea hand in hand they went
Unto the Church that day,
And they were married presently
in sumptuous rich array.
A sweet thing is love, &c.

To England came hee then,
With this his lovely Wyde,
A fairer woman neuer lay
By any Merchants side:
Where I must leane them now,
In pleasure and delight;
But of their names and dwelling place,
I must not here recite.
A sweet thing is love,
It rules both heart and mind;
There is no comfort in the world
to women that are kind.

F N I S.

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